



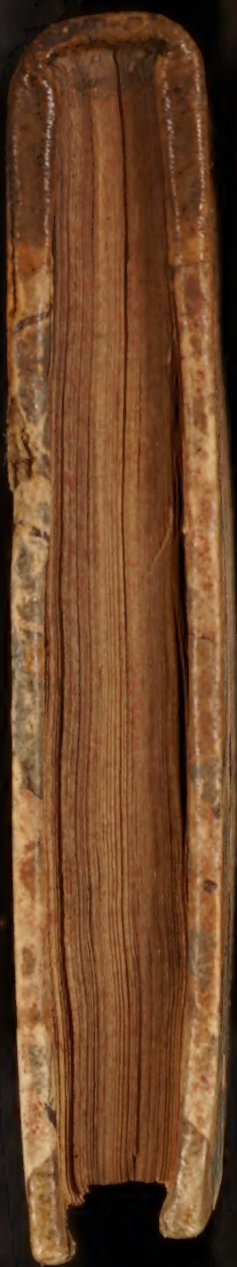
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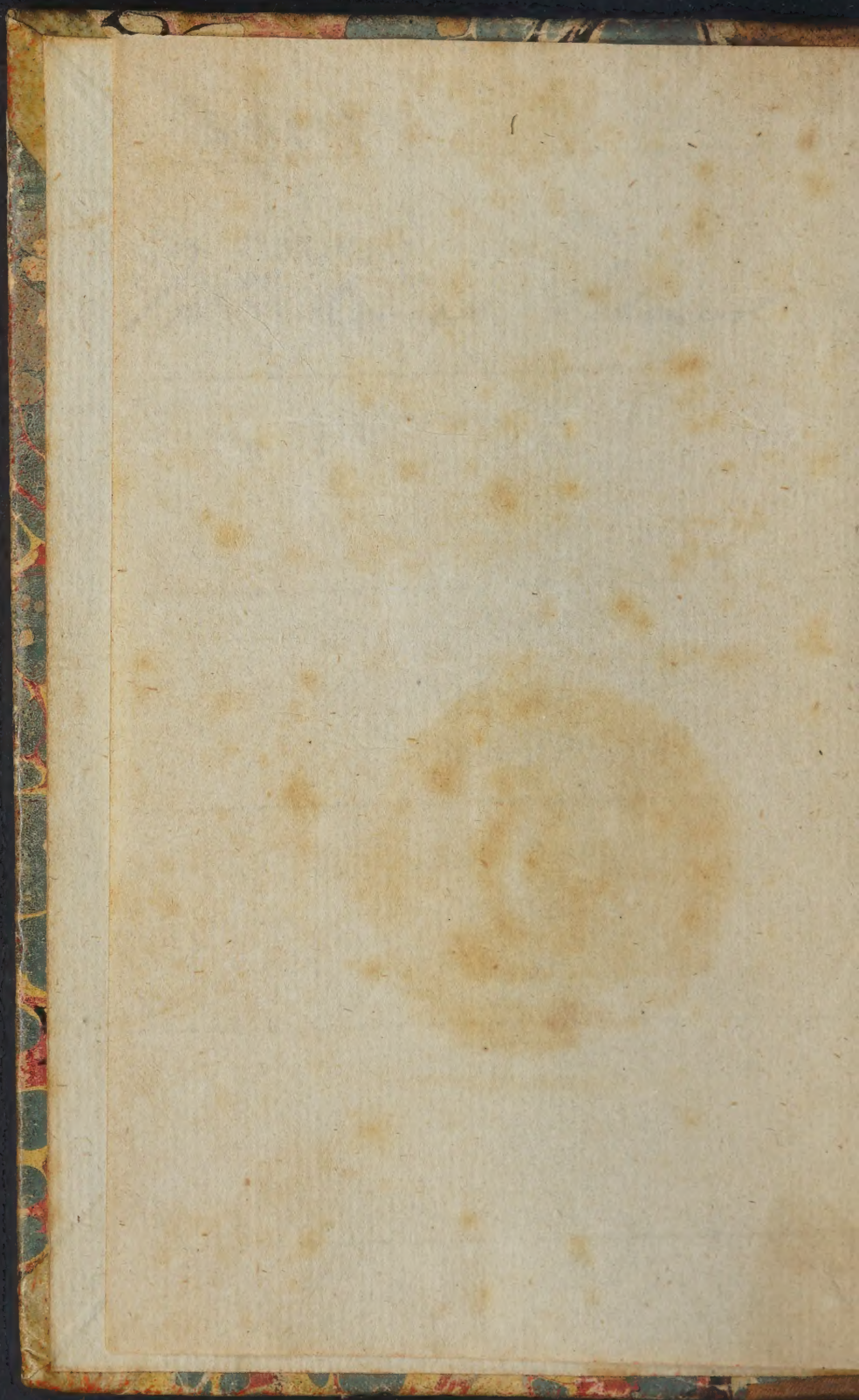
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(STEENE)

Spinous
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L O N D O N

Printed by T. DODDING, at the Press of the
University of Oxford, in the Year 1711.



THE
L I F E
AND
O P I N I O N S
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY,
GENTLEMAN.

Nunc auctionem facere decretum est mihi :
Foras necessum est, quicquid habeo vendere.
Adeste sultis, præda erit præsentium.
Logos ridiculos vendo.

PLAUT.

V O L. IX.



L O N D O N :

Printed for T. DURHAM, at Charing-Cross, and
T. CASLON, in Pater-noster Row. 1766.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Manuscript, of which
this is a faithful Copy,
was dropt at the Publisher's
Door, early one Sunday morn-
ing, wrapt in clean linen.
Having more Children of his
own than he could well main-
tain, he sent it to the FOUND-
LING, to be taken care of
at the expence of the pub-
lick.

ADVERTISEMENT.

lick. If ever it comes to be of age, he hopes it will prove grateful to its benefactors.

The following Label was pinned to its breast:

*Duplex libelli dos est ; quod risum movet,
Et quod prudenti vitam consilio monet.*

THE
LIFE and OPINIONS
OF
TRISTRAM SHANDY, Gent.

CHAP. I.

SOME time ago, I made a promise to the public, to write two annual volumes; but my last publication having sold most shockingly, occasioned a severe cholic, of which I died on the tenth of February, one thousand seven hundred and sixty-five.—I need not tell your worships how I died; it will be suf-

VOL. IX.

B

ficient

ficient to say, that I slipp'd silently through the Doctor's fingers, without either longing after this world, or fearing the next.—But hold, says a grave gentleman with a canonical face, as he sat in a corner smoaking his pipe of *ne quid nimis*, what does this *Tristram* mean? he is now dead, and still writes on. I tell thee, my honest friend, that as the public indulg'd me in writing before I was born, I now claim the privilege of writing after I am dead.

——Dr. *Slop* saw the *scribendi cacoethes* in my face the moment I was born, and for any thing I know the undertaker observ'd it after I was dead. Dead or alive, I will write, and right or wrong your worships must read;—so have at you, blind harpers, and mind your stops, for I will lead you a dance over the four quarters of the world; and what be-

tween

tween Jews, Turks, Infidels, and Christians, I will so perplex your poor brains, that you shall hardly be able to find the difference between an egg and an oyster.

C H A P. II.

WITH what pleasure shall I look down upon the polite age of George the Ninth, and view the wits and critics of the times turning over my ingenious volumes; my stars will be understood, when the works of *Rabelais*, dean *Swift*, and *Martinus Scriblerus*, will be explained away to nothing. I write for posterity.—I hope your worship will excuse this short chapter of vanity.—Every man should have a good opinion of his works; it's a spur to his ambition, and with that spur I propose to ride as long as I live.

C H A P. III.

UPON the word of a priest, I know not what the present chapter will consist of.—For any thing I know, it may be love, law, politics, or astronomy. —Now I have it.—Let the learned say what they will, we are all good, bad, or indifferent, according to the constitution of the body. I explained this sufficiently in the first chapter of my first volume, and I have proved it ever since in my writings. My nerves and animal spirits are eternally in motion, insomuch that my poor mind has no more command over them, than I have this present moment over king Herod with *Singleton* on his back.—The mind must follow the impulse of the body; so away we go, helter-skelter, either to the house
of

of prayer, or to the den of thieves. Now for the proof.—The longings of a woman with child proceed from an alteration in her constitution; the longings of a woman not with child proceed also from the constitution: the poor soul is merely passive, and quite out of the question.—If this argument does not convince your worships, then take the following.—It is *ad hominem*.

A thousand pounds for Janatone.
 Three hundred pounds for Janatone.
 Fifty pounds for Janatone.
 One guinea for Janatone.
 Not one farthing for Janatone.
 Not one farthing for Janatone.

Day after day this is our theme, till we have got a few wrinkles behind, and then not one farthing for Janatone, morning, noon, or night. Constitution all.—Therefore, who can blame me if

my spider-legs, every now and then, run my head against a stone wall.

Confound these nerves of mine, where have they led me? but he needs must go whom the devil drives.

C H A P. V.

A Country-fellow who has just sense enough to know that *Carolus* is Latin for queen *Anne*, shakes the serjeant by the hand, and promises to go with him all the world over, to pull down the French king, the pope, and the pretender.—But as soon as the booby has got on the other side of the water, he begins to think of the bad bargain he has made.—Long marches, bad bread, bad straw, and bad every thing, make him a rank *Israelite*.

This my uncle *Toby* knew to the greatest nicety, and made it of use to himself in the following manner. If I marry the widow *Wadman*, I must have nothing to repent of afterwards; and therefore, says he to his man *Trim*, I will take a survey of my fortification. But before I begin, it will be necessary to observe, that there is a principle in all our constitutions, which is call'd self-love; and unless a man has a friend to advise with, he is sure to be undone by that same spirit. A lawyer would call a man in that situation, *Felo de Se*; but I think, *Trim*, it may more properly be term'd blowing up a man's self. Now for a little recollection.———

Just as I could wish.——I find that all my senses, both internal and external, are in fine order; that my body from

head to foot, is firm and manly; and bating the wound in my groin, I am as complete a piece of fortification as ever came from the hands of *Vauban* or *Cochorn*. Shall I, or shall I not attack the widow? *Trim*, who was above flattery, and who loved his master's reputation and honor, observ'd that my uncle's horn-work was rather out of repair. True, says my uncle, it has been often repair'd, but continually tumbles down again. Well, I acknowledge your judgment; and do you see, order *Keyser* to be call'd immediately, and take care that he brings every thing necessary for a complete repair. I shudder when I think of the escape I have had, it would have appear'd so unmilitary. You are a very honest fellow, and I like your plain dealing.—Shall I attack the widow sword in hand, or by mining? By all means, says *Trim*,

Trim, sword in hand. March briskly over the glacis, knock down the palisades, push into the cover'd-way, and there make a lodgment, and you may depend upon't, the town's your own.

In idea, every thing goes as we would have it, but the devil often puts a spoke into the wheel, and spoils our journey.—It happen'd just so in my uncle's case. The horn-work was ordered to be repair'd, but it fell down as fast as put up. Good God, *Trim*, what shall I do? *Keyser* can do nothing, and I am in danger of going into action without either flints or powder.—Send for my old school-fellow Dr. *Querpo*; he is an able engineer, and perhaps may be of service.

I never knew my poor uncle so alarm-
ed

ed in my life. Soldiers have strong notions of honor, which we country gentlemen have no idea of.—A defeat would have been death to my uncle, and afterwards to be chronicl'd in history, would have been worse than death ten times repeated.

C H A P. V.

IF it were possible for authors to depart this life in a fit of the cholic as I have done, I am sure they would find their advantage in it. The antient *Greeks* and *Romans* made it a rule, never to speak but well of the dead; and we modern Christians ought not to be behind-hand with the heathens in acts of virtue. Every Christian is therefore bound, by inclination or civility, to give me a good word; and that I assure your worship is,

as the world goes, a valuable acquisition. I wish I had died three years ago; it would have relieved my poor shelves, which now groan under a heavy load of my former volumes; but I am still in hopes that my executors will be the better for my stock in hand. Pray God they may, for that is all I intend to leave them. Nobody read *Homer* whilst alive, but when dead, the states of *Greece* contended for the honor of his birth.—My common place-book can produce thousands of instances of this instability of human nature. I do not reason upon it.—It is sufficient for me that I have found it out.

C H A P. VI.

I See you, gentle reader, upon the tip-toe of expectation, wishing that Dr. *Querpo* may prove as good a physician to my uncle *Toby*, as was the good old *Hippocrates* to his friend *Democritus*. If you are a sailor, I suppose you have already bent your sails to swim through the interesting chapter; if a soldier, you have struck your tent; if a shop-keeper, you have opened your shop; and if a country gentleman, you have unkennel'd your hounds. But I love thee too well to give thee so much gratification at once. A little neck-beef now and then, gives a relish to a luxurious table, and if that kind of philosophy were better understood, the world would be happier than it is. It is expectation makes the
blessing

blessing dear. I therefore tell your worships, upon the honour of my scarf, that the two next chapters shall not contain one word of my uncle *Toby*, or any of his family, excepting myself.

C H A P. VII.

I Am now hand and glove with old grey-beard, with his two large keys at his girdle. He is a fine old fellow I assure you, and as like his picture in the Vatican as he can stare.—Every now and then there comes a rap at the door. The old saint puts on his spectacles, and pulls out his keys with great composure.—What religion are you of? A papist. What's that in your hand? A candle, but for want of a tinder-box, I could not light it. Go that way, and you will find the place for papists.——

Rap

Rap———What religion? A *Mussulman*.
 Go that way.———Rap———What
 religion? A church of *England*-man. Go
 that way.———Rap———What reli-
 gion? A presbyterian. Go that way.
 ——Rap——What religion? A fol-
 lower of *Confucius*. Go that way.——
 Rap, rap, rap,——What religion? An
English methodist. Go that way——
 You methodist, a little more to the left,
 ——a little more still. That fellow
 has the impudence of the devil.——
 Rap———What religion? A *Hollander*.
 Go that way, and turn a little to the left.
 ——Rap———What religion? A
Jew. Go that way.———Tap———
 What religion? I am a physician, and of
 no establish'd church.—Then walk in,
 and you may go wherever you please,
 for in my Father's house are many man-
 sions.

C H A P. VIII.

THANKS to Sir *Godfrey* for the last chapter.—This hot weather has relax'd my nerves and spoil'd my invention, and yet my unlucky stars prick me on in spite of myself. One author borrows, begs, or steals, so fast from another, that upon my soul, originality is become as scarce as honesty.—This volume shall positively conclude my astronomical works, and the profits of my labours shall be laid out in charity. My future days shall be employ'd in clear-starching dingy sentences of morality.—All the world will read *Tristram's* ethicks.

—————Why?—————

Your reverence must resolve me
this

this point of interrogation, before I shall permit you to go one inch further. For any thing I know, you may be a bishop, a dean, a vicar, a journeyman parson, or a journeyman to a journeyman parson ; whichever you are, you shall not advance one step until you have resolved me the question.

C H A P. IX.

— **Y**OUR worship is perfectly right.

C H A P. X.

NO *Jew* ever waited with so much impatience for the fulfilling of the grand prophecy, as did my uncle *Toby* for the coming of Dr. *Querpo*. At last a chaise was heard to stop at the door.

The

The servant behind gently beat the death-watch, which instantly brought the corporal to know the occasion.—How does your master? Not much indisposed, Sir, but would be glad to see you. Dr. *Querpo*, who was a man of the world, did not much relish this answer of *Trim's*; for, says he, when people are not very ill, I am soon dismissed without either much money or credit. But thanks to the power of medicine, which can so readily put a drag to the wheels of life! If it were not for that, I do not know how one half of the *Crocus*' could live.—This being high treason against the sacred life of man, we must suppose it only the doctor's soliloquy, as he pass'd from the chaise to the parlour.

C H A P. XI.

THE truly learned and philosophical Dr. *Querpo*, to whom I beg leave to introduce your worship, has visited most of the courts and universities of Europe. I hope you will find him an agreeable companion. I can assure you, that he is a complete master of the universal chain. He is, besides, a most excellent physician, musician, politician, logician, mathematician, metaphysician, and rhetorician. He understands anatomy, chymistry, botany, pharmacy, and theology. He is very learned in algebra, architecture, astronomy, optics, catoptrics, dioptrics, conics, cosmography, ethics, fluxions, fortification, geometry, gunnery, hydraulics, hydrography, law, logic, painting, philology, sculpture, statics, and

and surgery. In a word, he can fight the whole weapons of science. The anatomy of the human mind seems, at present, to be his favourite study, the powers of which he can dissect in a manner peculiar to himself. The instrument he uses is a kind of prism, which he applies to the occipital bone. With this prism he can separate our ideas with as much certainty as ever Sir Isaac Newton did the rays of light. Some discoveries, which the doctor is preparing to make public, will most effectually silence all disputes concerning our simple and complex ideas.

C H A P. XII.

MY uncle *Toby* and Dr. *Querpo* were formerly school-fellows, but my uncle's disposition not suiting the

piano of a school education, he left his friend the doctor to pursue his studies under the learned Dr. *Crambo*.—The army suited his temper, so to the army he went, thinking it better to trust to the outside of his head than the lining of it.

Dr. *Querpo*'s nocturnal studies had so hardened the features of his face, that it did not present to my uncle the least remains of any former acquaintance ; and my uncle in return was so changed by the severity of his campaigns, partly above and partly below ground, that he was just as unintelligible to the doctor.

The first salutation being over, the doctor and his patient sat themselves down ; when my uncle in the sincerity of his heart and bitterness of his soul took hold of his friend the doctor's hand, and told him most circumstantially his mourn-
ful

ful case. He kept nothing secret from him, well knowing that a physician, no more than a general, can do any thing unless his intelligence be good. His present and past life were critically examined, and the affair of the widow was impartially stated,—I mean with regard to her age and complexion. Her husband was even rais'd from the dead, and all his good and bad qualities inquired into.—Well, good doctor, will this horn-work be able to stand a siege, or will it not? Not, my friend, in its present state, but I shall soon put it into good repair. Here, *Juba*, go and order Mr. *Bump* to bring a cart-load of stones, with some lime and hair; and so, my dear *Toby*, I will do the business for you myself. I studied fortification under *Vauban*, but I confess my hand is rather out at present; I must get your servant to assist me, who, I think,

has something of a military appearance. This reflection immediately rais'd *Trim* as perpendicular as a halbert. Yes, I thank your honour, I serv'd five campaigns under the duke of *Marlbrough* and prince *Eugene*, and am now handsomely rewarded with a pension from *Chelsea* of seven pounds two shillings a year. I have been at the beating of the *French* in seven pitched battles, and—here he was interrupted by a frown from my uncle, just as he was going to fight every battle over again. The poor corporal bow'd, and seem'd greatly chagrined when he found that his roast-beef blood had hurried him into such an indiscretion before a stranger.

In a few hours Mr. *Bump* arriv'd with ten times the materials necessary for repairing the breach. The doctor assured my

my uncle upon the honor of his diploma, that the work would be able, in a few days, to stand all weathers. This was great consolation to my uncle *Toby*, especially as the opinion was learnedly back'd by Mr. *Bump*, who practises with great success, as an apothecary, surgeon, and man-midwife. This gentleman attends Dr. *Querpo* as vigilantly as the pilot-fish does the shark, and for the same reason. The sensible part of his acquaintance call him the jackal or lion's provider. All his medical knowledge consists in hard words from *Blancard's* dictionary, which he has learnt to pronounce tolerably well, by the assistance of the curate of the parish. This, and a good share of modest assurance, has enabled him to maintain a wife and five small children very decently. My uncle, who has the spirit of *Timon of Athens*,

complimented the doctor with a five guinea piece, and bestowed one pound one upon the apothecary ; and with this instance of his liberality I shall dismiss this chapter.

C H A P. XIII.

YOUR reverence's new acquaintance Mr. *Bump* is remarkable for his assiduity in feeling people's pulses, whether they will or no; and if he can by any means persuade them that the *vis vitæ* is not in good condition, he very ingeniously will hook in two or three boluses, and an occasional julap, to the tune of two or three shoulders of mutton.—He never speaks to you without some design against your purse : *Heyman Palatyne* cannot extract your money with more dexterity.

He

He has all sorts of news for all sorts of patients, and all sorts of physic for all sorts of diseases. He knows the genealogy of all the families in the county as far back as the *Norman* conquest, and has at his fingers ends all their slips and failings, both in the male and female line. He can prattle his news and nonsense for hours together; but when he happens to fall upon a male or female patient of a tolerable understanding, he gnaws their liver most unmercifully.

The widow had been under this gentleman's care for many months, and had most ingeniously got from him all she wanted to know concerning my uncle. Mr. *Bump* had been so precipitate in giving her large doses of intelligence with her physic, that she now found herself perfectly recovered. That would
not

not do for Mr. *Bump* ; Dr. *Querpo* must be call'd in. The artifice was too plain—but as Mrs. *Wadman* was desirous of being acquainted with so intimate a friend of my uncle's, she consented to have the doctor's opinion.

C H A P. XIV.

MRS. *Wadman* observ'd my uncle and the doctor in close conference at the corner of the garden wall, and this conversation-piece affected her in a very sensible manner. She could not think of the doctor without thinking of my uncle ; and she could not think of my uncle, without thinking of going to church with him.

There is a time when a little matter will stir a woman's blood, and that, by the deepest political lovers, is call'd the

golden opportunity. But my poor uncle was no politician.

C H A P. XV.

MRS. *Wadman* could not for her soul but receive Dr. *Querpo* in a very languishing manner, as he put her so strongly in mind of my uncle. This was perfectly making a house-clock of him, for the rationale of which see my first volume of opinions.

The meagre and fallow appearance of our new acquaintance Dr. *Querpo*, added to the gravity of his paces, gave him much the air of a *Spaniard*. He knew the world to half a hair, and therefore, upon all medical consultations, was observed to be most minutely inquisitive. He began with examining the widow
con-

concerning the use of the six nonnaturals ; he then felt her pulse, look'd into her mouth, and ask'd her a great many questions, for which she wish'd him impaled. Her intention was to hear something from him concerning my uncle, and to make my uncle's friend her's, by a handsome fee.——Believe me, physicians have the highest esteem and regard for patients of a liberal constitution ; and we are told by *Busbequius*, that they have a set of medicines which operate that way. If love can be raised by a potion, why not liberality? Mrs. *Wadman* shewed the doctor a list of such medicines as she had taken, when under the care of Mr. *Bump* ; and as well as she could, explained the manner of their operation. She had been bled, blister'd, and purged ; had taken sudorifics, cardiacs, cephalics, deobstruents, emetics, sweeteners, febri-

febrifuges, and pectorals. Considering this horrid catalogue of drugs, it was amazing that she had a pound of flesh upon her bones; and she would not have had it, if *Bump's* prattle had not been more agreeable than his physic,—the greatest part of which went out at the window, and by that means she saved her constitution.—Madam, says the doctor, Mr. *Bump* has treated your distemper with great judgment, for he has left nothing untry'd; only I think he has begun at the wrong end, and I would therefore advise you to begin with pectorals, and end with sudorifics.—The widow, at first, did not relish this prescription; but upon the doctor's assuring her that the disease was only to be cured in that manner, she seem'd to acquiesce, though not without making a smirking reflection or two in her own mind,

mind, upon the oddity of the expression.

Three pounds three gain'd him for ever.

C H A P. XVI.

IT is reported of the Indians in North-America, that they have been known to lie upon their bellies upwards of a month, and all that time suffer the extremities of cold and hunger in hopes of some one passing by, who had done them an injury. Metaphorically speaking, it is the same thing with an Englishwoman ; for whether the pursuit be pleasure or revenge, it makes no difference ; she will continue, with the utmost patience, to lie in wait till her purpose is gain'd, and then, very good naturedly, will turn herself.

herself. This was exactly the case of the widow. She was resolv'd to leave no stone unturn'd to obtain my uncle. In a very sensible, though oblique manner, she courted the good opinion of Dr. *Querpo*, and let slip no opportunity to rivet herself in the minds of Mr. and Mrs. *Shandy*.—She play'd her cards so well, that there was not an acquaintance of my uncle's, who had not reason to speak favourably of her. *Trim* was in raptures about her, as she indulg'd him, nay, persuaded him to fight over two or three of *Marlborough's* battles every week. My father's house-keeper was constantly invited to drink tea with Mrs. *Bridget*. In a word, every one of my uncle's friends were drawn insensibly to plot against him.

How happy would it have been for my
uncle,

uncle, if he had known the world ? his work would have been half done, but he was perfectly a *Nathaniel* with regard to it.—He was therefore, like a good Christian, oblig'd to work out his salvation with fear and trembling.

C H A P. XVII.

THE temerity of the widow in her attack upon my uncle in the sentry-box, was apparent to all the family, excepting himself.

When once the mind of man is fairly engaged in any darling pursuit, things of the most obvious nature pass unobserved. This seems at first-sight to arraign the sublimity and dignity of the human mind.—In the trifling affairs of life, indeed, which with most men are

I very

very numerous ; we find the soul vigilant, attentive, and distinguishing, but when once a noble and refined sentiment has taken possession of our breast, then the mind shows its littleness, by confining itself to that alone.——I hope the soul will be capable of more extension in the next world, quoth my father.——I think it is very well employ'd, quoth my mother.

C H A P. XVIII.

THE body is the clog,—and when that is remov'd, how gloriously will this immortal part diffuse itself thro' all the elements ? How many melancholy proofs may be brought from scanty reading, of great men being twice children ? Instead of being enfeebled and laid low, a philosopher might expect

to see the soul extended and exalted by age and experience. It is otherwise;— and yet the soul is no more to blame than your worship's friend for not bringing harmony out of a petrify'd fiddle-string.

I make this observation to shew the amazing dependence of the mind upon the body ; and as I do not know any way to separate my soul and body, I always pray for both in my morning and evening devotions, and hope your worships will do so too.

When disengaged from this scurvy body, the soul will have all its powers extended beyond conception, but what it will then see, or what it will then feel, is not in my power to describe, or in your worships to conceive.

I expect this digression will let you into the theory of chapter third, which I desire you will read over again.

C H A P. XIX.

WHAT sort of soul has a lunatic in the next world, quoth my mother ? The question is a-propos. Old Grey-beard never once saw a mad soul claiming entrance into heaven, or into hell. The body was mad, but the soul was pure.

Why do women often run mad from pride, says my father ? I answer, the body was proud.—Lord have mercy upon us, quoth my mother and Mrs. *Wadman*, and send us safe into the next world !

Be candid and merciful to constitutional vices, and do not applaud too much constitutional virtues. Man should not presume upon omniscient power. To whom much is given, much will be requir'd. This admits of an explanation different from the common.

I pity from my heart the poor soul of a man, when I see it priest-ridden by a passionate, drunken, jealous, revengeful, morose, covetous, selfish, lewd, or peevish body. I pity the tenant for life. —I grant you the soul may now and then dispute the point, and appear to come off victorious, and yet have no great merit from the success. —Six long hours have I watch'd before the door of *Janatone*, and six short minutes have sent me home again. O! man, where is thy victory?

C H A P. XX.

MY uncle, in a few days, thinking himself well prepared to attack the widow, was in high spirits about it; but the more he reflected, the less he found himself qualified for the undertaking.—He knew that a man may reason himself into errant cowardice; so he resolv'd like a true soldier of fortune to hang all care, doubt, and reflection. Sword in hand was *Trim's* advice, so sword in hand he was resolved to attack.

Nothing is so easy as forming a resolution, but the execution is often the devil. He thought himself upon the plains of *Maestricht*, but something whisper'd into his ear, that he was upon *Terra Australis incognita*.—Here comes thought

again, to convince him that he knew no more how to make love, than he did revive the church catechism out of the *Formosa* language, now in the library at *Fulham*.

C H A P. XXI.

WALK in, Mr. *Martin*.——
This little oily man of God, to whom I beg leave to introduce your worships, is a near relation of Mrs. *Wadman's*. He is a worthy member of the church of *England*, and is look'd upon, by all his male and female hearers, as a very good soul-saving priest. Dr. *Querpo* is as opposite in his nature to Mr. *Martin*, as light and darkness, fire and water, oil and vinegar. Whenever they meet, their daggers are immediately out. The one will swallow a craken, and the other

other will boggle at a pismire. • Mr. *Martin*, tooth and nail, opposes the theory of my seventeenth, eighteenth, and nineteenth chapters; the contents of which I stole from my friend the doctor one evening as he sat brimful of punch and infidelity.

Mr. *Martin* says, that as the soul of man is spiritual and immortal, it must answer for all its operations, whenever it puts on spirituality and immortality. It matters not who advis'd us to commit a murder. The law of God convicts the murderer. This, says he, is a parallel case, and a strong argument against Dr. *Querpo*, which all his subterfuges will not be able to extricate him from. — Pray, Mr. *Martin*, do not put yourself into such a heat. I do not defend Dr. *Querpo*'s doctrine. I admit that it may

be too lax, and perhaps, my good Sir, yours may be too rigid. If I might presume to be a judge, I think the truth lies in the middle way—I hate the fellow, reply'd Mr. *Martin*. He has neither religion, common-sense, or philosophy, to speak for him. His pretensions are founded upon nothing but impudence. He is a scoundrel, and a pest of society; ignorant to the last degree. To my certain knowlege, he was only *English* barber to *Eben Ben Beker*, an *Arabian* prince, and what little knowledge he has in physick, he pick'd up at the university of *Mequinez*. I tell you he will be damn'd, but I am afraid, not so soon as he deserves.—Lord preserve us from envy, malice, and all uncharitableness, quoth my father! Amen, quoth Mr. *Martin*.—Lord have mercy upon us, quoth my mother!

For my part, I have always esteem'd Dr. *Querpo* as a sensible man, honest in his dealings, liberal in his sentiments, a ready help to the infirm, and a good practical Christian. Mrs. *Wadman*'s cousin has painted him worse than the devil, and why? Because Mrs. *Wadman*'s cousin is a mean, narrow, and uncharitable wretch, worm-eaten with bigotry, pride, and vanity. He hates Dr. *Querpo* in his soul. The doctor despises, but pities him.

C H A P. XXII.

WHEN I left my uncle, he was preparing for an attack upon the widow; but before he opened the trenches he thought it prudent to acquaint my father and mother with his design. It is the devil to break the ice. Mr. and Mrs.

Mrs. *Skandy* did it for him, to the no small astonishment of my uncle, who thought the affair as secret as the grave. But his astonishment was trebled, when he was inform'd that the widow and all the neighbourhood knew of his intentions.

There is a kind of *mauvaise honte* which attends a modest man, when he is going to beg a favour of a person, who he is conscious knows the intention of his visit. It was just so with my uncle. He intended to have stepp'd in unsuspected, and taken hold of some chance expression to have broke his mind to the widow.—He was now reduced to speak with formality and order. That made him miserable : So, says he, I will explain myself in a letter, and that you know, *Trim*, will save blushes.

My

My uncle desir'd the corporal to bring him from the bookseller's shop three or four volumes of the most approv'd love-letter books, and charg'd him to say that they were for a lady in the country.—Here were love-letters for all ages, sexes, and constitutions, from a duke down to a peasant, from a dutchess to a dairy-maid.

The soul of man is often distracted amidst variety ; and what between the homely expressions of the cottage, and the high-flown compliments of the court, my uncle was nonplus'd beyond expression, Nay, his heart, which upon all occasions was as firm as ever dwelt in the breast of man, began to misgive him, and he would have given half his fortune that he had never begun the affair. He therefore went to bed with an intention

tion to drown his cares in sleep.—In the morning he waked perfectly happy, and wondered at his cowardice the evening before.

C H A P. XXIII.

MY uncle, poor soul, not being used to the trade of love-making, was horridly perplexed in composing an epistle to be presented to the widow. He could have wrote with more ease a letter of instructions to a commander in chief for the management of a summer's campaign. However, after much doubting, scratching, and blotting, he at last compos'd one; but his friend the doctor found it such a puerile piece of patch-work, that he advis'd him to suppress it, promising to write one for him, full of amorous fire and poetic rapture.

This

This generous propofal made my uncle perfectly happy ; for to tell you truly, he had not contracted any great fondnefs for the child of his own brain.

C H A P. XXIV.

IN a few days his friend the doctor brought him the following epiftle, which my uncle faithfully copied, tho' he did not underftand above one half of it ; however, he liked it no worfe for that.

“ Madam,

“ When firft I faw you, I felt a tranfport not to be defcribed by words. The fenfation was pleafing, though the caufe was unknown. In a few days, love, which raifes the foul to the fummit of perfection, taught me the nature of my paffion. I glory to own it ; and even when my heart is moft agitated with
tumult,

tumult, and calm Serenity banish'd its
 downy seat ; still when I reflect upon the
 object of my wishes, I think myself poor
 in love. Conscious how little I merited
 such charms, I struggled hard to con-
 quer my passion: strong were my ef-
 forts, but fruitless the essay. Love, the
 most generous of passions, scorns, fet-
 ters, and delights to reign triumphant.
 I then gave up all to love.—The
 little god poured himself like a tor-
 rent upon my soul. He seiz'd my
 breast for his kingdom, and heart for
 his throne; there he despotic reigns:
 every pulse moves by his nod, and every
 drop of the purple stream as it flows,
 gives assent to his power. To compare
 your forehead to the smoothest ivory;
 to tell you that your eyes exceed the
 lustre of the diamond; that your lips
 emulate the brightest coral; or that your
 neck

neck challenges the most skilful statuary, would be only repeating the voice of all. Had I *Mexico* in one hand, and *Peru* in the other, and all the wealth of the East at my command, I would throw the riches with transport into your lap. But, should fortune dash my cup with gall, and you prove unkind, good heavens direct me where to find your equal! I'll search the earth's most distant corner, and travelling from pole to pole, will ravage every clime. Here reason checks, and bids me give over the vain pursuit; for in such works nature exhausts her whole art, and cannot afford to be prodigal.

“——I beg leave, with the utmost esteem and regard, to subscribe myself,

Madam,

Your most passionate admirer,

TOBY SHANDY.”

C H A P.

C H A P. XXV.

WITH great alacrity *Trim* delivered this letter into the widow's own hands, and with becoming propriety stepped some paces back, till she had perused the contents.—He was ordered to mark her features with proper attention.—Mrs. *Wadman* read the letter over, having a dimpled smile all the time upon her cheek, which *Trim*, in his own mind, interpreted into a happy omen.

She presented her compliments to his master, and promised to send an answer in the morning. With this good news *Trim* flew to his master, who, with the utmost degree of impatience, demanded to see her answer. She has sent none. No answer, replied my uncle warmly.
None

None upon my word. Then picket me for a fool, and confound her for a jilting jade, a jezebel, a——Pray, dear Sir, do not abuse her, she has promised to send an answer in the morning. Then she is an angel—and I am a fool for my unwarrantable passion.—How did she look when she read the letter? when I knocked at the door, Mrs. *Bridget*——damn your knocking; I say how did she look? why, she smil'd and seem'd pleas'd.——Take this guinea, *Trim*,——I could not help it. The widow's kind message, and my uncle's shame for the hastiness of his temper, brought a few silent tears down his honest cheeks.—He beckon'd *Trim* to leave the room.——Oh! my dear doctor, how happy am I to begin the affair so well? you are a curious man. Give me leave to present you with a small collection of rarities, lest me

some time ago, by my cousin *Rust*: I have never looked at them, but the catalogue informs me, that they cost him many years in collecting. I will read you the list.—One hundred and forty spiders of different sorts. Eight sorts of ants. Two hundred and nine butterflies. Ninety sorts of beetles. One large concha veneris. Five hundred curious shells. A piece of the royal oak; and an eye-tooth of *Oliver Cromwell*, worth forty times its weight in gold.

The doctor thanked my uncle for his present, and assured him of the sincerity of his friendship.

A true virtuoso would even perjure himself for a spider, or a cockle-shell, when he would not so much as cross the
kennel

kennel for an ounce of gold, unless it had antiquity on its side, and then he would cross the *Atlantic* ocean to obtain it. I blush when I see the charnel-house of antiquity made the seat of learning, and whips and scorpions employed in extracting gold, to be laid out in the purchase of rotten lumber.—A coin of *Antinous* or *Didia Clara* might tempt a *Norton* to plead the cause of an injured orphan.—A copper *Otho*, might save a widow and her small family from utter ruin.—A collection of butterflies might endow a chapel; and, in some countries, a rusty nail can purchase a province.

C H A P. XXVI.

MY uncle being of a diffident temper, and quite unacquainted with matters of love, remained all night in a situation better to be conceived than described.—At one time he thought that the widow's situation in life was so easy and happy, that she would never think seriously of changing it.—At another time, he thought that she would, —but then it must be by the importunity of a younger man than himself. The more he thought of it, the more unhappy he made himself, till at last he cordially wished that he had never commenced the affair ; for, says he, at my age, to be made the talk of every gossiping old woman will be worse than the devil. Had Mr. *Bump* been in his situa-

situation, the whole parish would have had it from his own mouth, but my uncle was quite a different sort of man.—A modest man in love is a more ridiculous animal than an ass in a pound ; but a man in the same situation, blessed with a becoming assurance, is like a lion in chains.—This is the creed of the sex, both maids and widows. I wish your worship's friend, the doctor, was here, that he might give you the rationale.

I am always shock'd when I see patient merit trampled under the feet of a faucy baggage, when at the same time she dandles at her breast an impudent pantin, which has nothing to recommend it but the pliancy of its limbs, and breadth of its shoulders. And this she worships, as the papists do their pictures,——to put her in mind.

C H A P. XXVII.

MRS. *Wadman* consulted her cousin the parson, upon the subject of my uncle's letter ; and he gave it as his canonical opinion, that the whole was a composition of Dr. *Querpo*'s. The widow, from what she knew of my uncle, plainly saw that it could not have come originally from his brain, and therefore was not well pleased at the confidence he had put in the doctor, being rather prejudiced against him by Mr. *Martin* ; and yet, she was attentive not to lose him in the beginning of his passion.—She wanted in her soul to disturb the peace of mind of my poor uncle, who had never injur'd her, but she well knew that his disease was not arrived at a sufficient height.—Mr. *Martin* was for construing

the letter into a direct affront, but the widow knew better. She therefore wrote the following answer, and gave it to Mrs. *Bridget*, to be delivered into my uncle's own hands.

“ S I R,

“ I received yours, and think myself obliged to you for the high compliments you are pleased to pay me. Yesterday morning I rose Mrs. Wadman, and at night went to bed a divinity. You see how easily I am persuaded to make your sentiments my own. Yesterday was *Valentine's* day, and your letter wanted nothing but a pair of gloves, to make it perfectly acceptable to,

Sir,

your humble servant,

E. WADMAN.”

C H A P. XXVIII.

MY uncle received the widow's letter from the hands of Mrs. *Bridget* with apparent confusion; and as he durst not open it in her presence, he dismiss'd her with compliments to her mistress, and a guinea in her hand.—Well done Mr. *Skandy*. I find you improve in gallantry, and if your words can operate as powerfully with the mistress, as your money with the maid, you may pronounce the *Havannah* your own.

After reading the letter three times over, my uncle was utterly at a loss how to explain it.—What particular part of the body his soul was set upon at that time, whether upon the pineal gland, or elsewhere, I know not; but certain it was that she could give him no sort of assistance

sistance at that juncture.—So away he went to my father's house with his bosom full of misgiving fears.

My father thought that the widow seemed to laugh the affair off. My mother said no; she only wants to begin the affair with a kind of good humour, which she knows will keep the extreme modesty of my brother in countenance. My uncle himself was of opinion that all was now over, and that he was a fool and an ass, and begged for God's sake that my mother would go immediately to Mrs. *Wadman*, and desire her never to mention the letter either to himself or any body else. My dear brother, says Mrs. *Shandy*, trust my judgment for once. You may have her whenever you will. When I will! then I am the happiest man alive.—He kiss'd my mother,
and

and thank'd her with a kind of benevolence natural to himself.

How happy is it for such men as my uncle to have a well-judging friend at a pinch?—He was determin'd in his mind to have wrote a letter to the widow, requesting that his first might never be mentioned, and then poor soul, he would have made himself completely ridiculous.——My mother saved him.

C H A P. XXIX.

UNfortunately, at this time, doctor *Querpo* was gone a long journey into the country, so that his opinion could not be had upon this critical affair.——He was also wanted upon another occasion. My old nurse, Mrs. *Bell*, who had remained in my father's family ever since
I was

I was born, had been ill for some time, under the care of Mr. *Bump*, who, according to his usual practice, had sufficiently cramm'd the old woman with all the medicines he could think of.—Not contented with that, he had most ingeniously laid as much upon her outside as the surface could admit of, in the form of blisters, cataplasms, sinapisms, liniments, and embrocations.—Had she died at this moment, it would have cost no trouble or expence to have made her a perfect mummy.—He now proposed to call in Dr. *Querpo*, but the doctor was not to be had. Another must be sent for. *Bump* opposed it, from an obvious motive.—Cunning was his province. He again felt the old woman's pulse, and with a most consequential air, assured the family that it was surprizingly mended within a few minutes, which he observed

served was frequently the case in acute diseases, according to *Harpocrates*.

Mr. *Martin* happening to step in during the latter part of the conference, and hearing the word *Harpocrates*, begged to know who this *Harpocrates* was: for as he had in the younger part of his life studied medicine, he had never once heard of the name amongst physical authors.—Sir, says Mr. *Bump*, he was the father of physick, and was born somewhere abroad, about eight thousand years ago. I beg your pardon, reply'd Mr. *Martin*, the world has not been esteem'd so old by two thousand years; and as to his being the father of physick, or any physician at all, I must beg leave to correct you also. *Harpocrates*, Sir, was an *Ægyptian* god, son of *Osiris* and *Isis*. He is represented holding his finger to his mouth,

mouth, intimating thereby, that he is the god of silence; and therefore it is that *Ausonius*, in his epistle to *Paulinus*, calls him *Sigalion*, which is to say silent.

Mr. *Martin* when he once had a man down was generally unmerciful in his treatment, but as he could, with a glance of his eye, discover Mr. *Bump*'s extreme ignorance, he let him off very cheap, by only advising him for the future, to remember the story of *Harpocrates* the god of silence.

C H A P. XXX.

MR S. *Bell* continuing very ill, Dr. *Macnamara* was sent for by the persuasion of an old nurse nearly connected to Dr. *Slop*.—This Dr. *Macnamara* is a learned graduate of *Montpelier*. He
shaved

shaved under the famous *Pierot*, professor of anatomy and surgery, and being possessed of a tolerable capacity, he picked up Latin enough for a doctor's degree. He has the character of being a very honest physician, and very expeditious in his work, generally killing as many as he cures. There was none else to be had, and the poor old woman was not to perish for want of assistance. The disease being desperate, required a desperate remedy, and a desperate doctor ; so here is one for your reverencies.—I beg you will make some small allowance for his provincial dialect, which he says he learnt by keeping company with the officers of *Fitz James's* horse, when he was abroad.

This learned physician has studied anatomy and chemistry with some attention ; but with regard to medicine he
knows

knows very little of it. However, by a sort of quakery in his prescriptions, and a small share of monkish Latin, he makes a shift to maintain himself, a man and maid, two cats and a parrot.

The old woman's disease was originally a sore throat, but by Mr. *Bump*'s great care had been nursed into a confirmed quincy, of the worst kind.—*Bump* had now a hard card to play, so he very judiciously took his hat with an intention to steal a march. Mr. *Martin* and the family insisted upon his staying to give an account of his patient.—His usual assurance avail'd him nothing, and stay he must.

Doctor *Macnamara* interrogated him about the anatomy of the parts affected, with the reasons of his practice, to all
which

which questions he made but very sorry answers, so was permitted to go home with an intimation from my father to return no more.

This was a glorious victory to the doctor.—Gentlemen, says he, give me leave to explain to you the parts affected in the disease before us. In the first place the muscles which move the lower jaw, are brought in by sympathy; such as the pterigoidæus major, pterigoidæus minor, and digastricus. The muscles which move the os hyoides are greatly inflamed, viz. The milo-hyoidæi, genio-hyoidæi, stylo-hyoidæi, omo-hyoidæi, and sterno-hyoidæi. The following are particularly affected. The glosso-staphylini, pharyngo-staphylini, thyro-staphylini, pterigo-staphylini, spheno-salpingo - staphylini, pterigo - staphylini superiores,

superiores, pterigo-staphylini inferiores, pterigo-salpingo-staphylini, and epistaphylini.

Mr. *Martin* and my father were well satisfied with the doctor's erudition, and the women were in raptures about him. So far things succeeded beyond expectation. — Having caught the good opinion of the family, the doctor ventured to lay down his medical intentions ; so calling for pen, ink, and paper, he wrote down what he thought most proper. Amongst other things he ordered a vomit, to be worked off with tea made of *carduus benedictus*, which he held in great veneration,—on account of its name. He then took his leave with a promise to call in the morning.

C H A P. XXXI.

MY father and Mr. *Martin* seemed to entertain no unfavourable opinion of Dr. *Macnamara's* medical knowledge, though they did not much respect him as a man of understanding.—Here seems to be an error in the judgment of your worship's two friends ; but is it—an error confined to them alone ? —*Tristram* never knew a good physician, surgeon, or apothecary, who was not a man of sense. Medicine is a science which must be learnt from principles well understood. A man of a shallow understanding cannot comprehend the force of these principles ; he is therefore obliged to grope in the dark, and find his way out as well as he can.—On the contrary, a man of sound judgment readily catches

catches the first effort of nature, and puts death to flight with a single pill.—Whilst the undiscerning doctor permits the distemper to grow honestly under his hands to a great height, and then he sees it without spectacles,—if he can see at all.

But pray, says my mother, what do you think of a seventh son, or the son of a seventh son? Is he not born with some medical knowlege? No.—It is all artifice, broached by cunning, and supported by superstition. — Whoever makes a mystery of his profession, is a child of ignorance; and that is no bad criterion to be applied to physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, man-midwives, and cow doctors.

C H A P. XXXII.

ABOUT eleven in the forenoon, your new acquaintance Dr. *Macnamara*, made his appearance at my father's house, for the second time, with a ——how does my patient? I hope the vomit worked well? Yes doctor, it worked her to death, for she died before it was half over.—By Saint *Patrick*, my vomits never miss. I'll turn out with any physician in the kingdom for a vomit or a purge; so dipping his fingers into the contents of the basin, he exclaimed with great energy, *dead or alive*, this must have done her poor stomach a deal of good.

The doctor not in the least suspecting the impropriety of his expression, was going

ing to entertain the family with a dissertation upon vomits ; but my father was not in the humor to be entertained ; so slipping a guinea into his hand, he informed him that his services were now at an end.

C H A P XXXIII.

THE widow having extracted a confession of love from my uncle was in hopes of seeing him every hour ; and my uncle having broke his mind to the widow, was preparing to pay his compliments in form. Mrs. *Wadman's* attention to Mr. *Shandy*, proceeded as much from an unsettled kind of vanity as real love ; and having obtained a slight gratification, she found her affection in some degree diminish'd. In matters of love, gratification often diminishes the

value of the object ; but then the widow had only got a slip of paper, a mere nothing, hardly good enough to light a pipe, twist it into what form you please.

All the time my uncle was dressing, his heart thumped vehemently against his ribs ; not from fear, for he was a stranger to the word, but from something which no one can conceive, unless he has been upon the same errand. The sound resembles the dead thump of a blacksmith's anvil ; and that is all I know about the matter.

C H A P. XXXIV.

IN the next chapter I shall present your worships with a philosophical account of love, and during the time I am giving you the theory, we will suppose my

I uncle

uncle enforcing the practice with the widow.

C H A P. XXXV.

WHAT is love? It is neither meat nor drink, and yet the man who has enough of it, wants neither one nor the other. Is it a spirit? No. Is it a body? Yes,—and as good a one as ever went against a wall or behind it. I beg your pardon, Mr. *Tristram*, it is a spirit; but I acknowledge it firmly united to some corporeal parts, and there lies your mistake.—*Tristram* hates disputes, so you shall have it your own way, only I must beg leave to observe, that it must be a spirit *fui generis*,—possessed of some degree of gravitation. Ages mellow it as well as *Gineva*, and then we find it mounted up some degrees higher.

Several learned authors have treated the nature of this spirit with great accuracy. Amongst the rest, Dr. *Van Groen* has, in my opinion, given us a very good account of it.—As near as I can recollect, his sentiments are as follow.

When God created *Adam* and his wife *Eve*, it was with an intention that they should people the world according to his express command ; but as he well knew the stubborn and inflexible nature of his new creation, he thought proper to weave into their constitution a living principle, which should be a constant monitor of that command. This was love ; an inflammable spirit, but mortal.

Divines have with great clearness explained the nature of another spirit, to which they have given the name of *Ani-*
mus,

mus, or the soul,—and have demonstrated it to be immortal, and the chief director of all voluntary actions.

Physiologists have taken great pains to demonstrate a third principle, to which they have given the name of *Anima*,—a near relation to the *Animus*. It is most apparent in the brute creation, where it passes by the name of *Anima Brutorum*. The *Anima* is a sort of upper servant to the *Animus*, and her chief care is to direct the different involuntary functions of the body. Such as the motion of the heart, the powers of respiration, the concoction of the aliment, the secretion of the fluids, and other minute operations, which are not immediately under the guidance of the soul. Some learned philosophers are of opinion that she is principally concerned in forming the

the various parts of the foetus in *Utero*, and that the *Animus* is not infused, until the house is built, whitewashed, and painted.—But of that our learned author is doubtful.

For the sake of distinction, I shall call the first named spirit the *Animum*, and then your reverencies will be pleased to observe, that every man's body has three tenants, the *Animus*, the *Anima*, and the *Animum*.

C H A P. XXXVI.

ONE Mr. *Bufon*, a learned academician, and author of an ingenious treatise upon the globular figure of the earth, pretends to have lately discovered a fourth spirit, whose seat is at the bottom of the eye. He is said to have
dis-

discovered it by chance, as he sat by a lady at the opera ; since which he has given us a learned account of it in a memorial presented to the Academy of Sciences.—What Mr. *Bufon* observed, was nothing more nor less than the *Animum*. Such mistakes have frequently happened in the learned world ; but if the *French* gentleman will not give up the point, I am authorised by Dr. *Van Gropen* to assure him, and the whole Academy of which he is a member, that the doctor is ready to support his opinion by a public disputation.

I confess myself unable to communicate the doctor's sentiments in his dry and dogmatical way ; I shall therefore beg leave to throw in a little of my own manner, by way of sauce, to this dish of *German* philosophy.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXVII.

A LAS poor *Tristram* ! It is not thy talent to be serious. But engagements must be fulfilled,——and fulfilled they shall be in the next chapter.——There was a man who invented a machine to sail against wind and tide, but wind and tide play'd the devil with the machine. The projector just now retails his artificial fins somewhere near *Moorfields*.——I wish I was quit of this unlucky promise.——It would have been well, if I had stuck to my stars.——Then throw as many stars into it as you can.

C H A P.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

COURAGE.———There are only five places in which the *Animum* can be found; the head,—the eye, —the heart,—the finger ends, and *Corpus cavernosum*, is one of which your worships will be sure to find her whenever you please.

The *Anima* is confined to no one place, but has a vigilant attention to every part; and as she has no servant under her, she must be supposed to have her hands full. The *Animum* gives her a little trouble now and then. I observed to you before, that in the brute creation, she is both mistress and maid,—and with great prudence, supplies the place of the *Animum* also.

The

The precise time when the *Animum* is infus'd into the body is uncertain; but it is generally allowed that it is sometime before puberty, in order that she may have an opportunity of finding out the intricate avenues of her habitation, before her services are required.—This the doctor assures me is the true state of nature.

It is not agreed amongst philosophers, whether the *Animus* is confin'd to one place, or is diffus'd all over the body. If it is diffus'd? then upon the extirpation of a limb it must suffer division, a thing not to be supposed.—The Dr. is therefore of opinion, that she sits constantly astride the pineal gland, from whence she gives her discreet orders to the *Anima* and *Animum*.

The

The *Anima* is a drudge of a spirit, but the *Animum* is all life and dissipation. Now in the head, then in the finger-ends, and presently after in the *Corpus cavernosum*; —and this life she leads for years together, till at last she settles in the head, from whence she sometimes makes an excursion along the brachial nerves, but never goes farther from home.—It is a mistake to suppose that the *Animus* and *Animum* are constantly at dagger-drawing: on the contrary, they are very good friends, only when any thing happens amiss, the *Animum* is sure to bear the blame.

Let theologists say what they will, the *Animus* is known sometimes to raise the *Animum*, when she would much rather go to sleep; but being a servant she must obey.—This the doctor insists strenuously upon

upon,——and I have a good opinion of his judgment, whatever the world may have.

But to conclude,——when once the springs of life are dried up, and man returns to his primitive earth, then the immortal *Animus* soars upwards on eagle's wings, to bliss and immortality, while the *Animum* and *Anima* die — and rot with the body.

C H A P. XXXIX.

I Do not take upon me to vindicate this theory of Dr. *Van Groen*. I apprehend it is contrary to our rule of faith, and incapable of being supported either by reason or scripture.——I wish, says Mr. *Martin*, that the college in *Warwick-Lane* was blown up by gun-
 4 powder,

powder, for as long as such hereticks and schismaticks subsist, we shall have no peace in *Israel*. I hate all innovations in religion, and was I to have sufficient power delegated to me, I would send every mother's son of them to the gallies. They no more believe the immortality of the soul, or the resurrection of the flesh, than a *Saducee*. From such men good Lord deliver us, from lord *Herbert*, down to doctor *Van Gropen*.

A little more charity, reply'd Dr. *Querpo*; persecution is justifiable in no church.—A good man is even merciful to his beast.—Red-hot zeal never defends, but often injures a good cause.—We blame the fire and faggot of the papists.—Do by men as you would wish them to do by you.—Pity their errors, and teach them to grow

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better.—Lead such lives as may be conformable to true piety and order.—Take my word for it, example is better than precept.—Teach by example, and the world will grow better.

I beg your pardon, quoth our orthodox divine; perhaps I may have been too warm, but we are justify'd in being a little angry in the cause of virtue.

C H A P. XL.

MY uncle, in consequence of the high opinion he retained of my mother's judgment, was very sanguine in his hopes of the widow. He even expected that she would have flown into his arms, and put him to no more trouble than buying the ring and bespeaking the licence. Innocent soul! The widow
had

had another game to play. She must have her humor, and my uncle was to be an ass, ready saddled and bridled, for her to ride upon all over the parish.

The first interview, however, concluded very well, only it wanted that warmth, on the widow's side, which my simple uncle had dreamt of.—She had gained her point, and, as is usual, a decent reserve took place of her former behaviour.—This did not suit Mr. *Shandy*. He hated trouble, however, trouble he must have; and as to success, he must leave that to fortune.

These modest men make a sad figure in love; they think too meanly of themselves, and set too high a value upon the object of their wishes.—The sentiment should be reversed.

My uncle could with all the coolness imaginable have marched up to the mouth of a culverin, but in matters of love he was an errant coward. My mother, good woman, kept up his spirits, trusting more to the widow herself than to any opinion she had of my uncle's address.—However, in that she was somewhat mistaken.

I must inform your worships that Mrs. *Wadman* was in all respects a very woman. She had amongst other good qualities, a little of the coquette in her constitution, and nothing gave her so much secret pleasure as a hearty sob from my uncle's honest heart.—Cruel baggage!

C H A P. XLI.

MR. *Martin* had never parted from Dr. *Querpo* in such good temper as after the last interview;—and tho' he still entertained no favorable opinion of him as a Christian, yet he could not but reflect with pleasure upon his apostolical arguments against persecution. Being in tolerable temper with the doctor, he found himself more disposed to favour his cousin's match with Mr. *Shandy*, so he began to visit at my father's with less formality than formerly; and, to give him his due, from that time forwards, he seemed rather to hasten than retard the marriage.

C H A P. XLII.

T H E R E never has been since *Rabelais* or *Cervantes*, a man so universally known and esteemed as myself. —I have just now, in my pocket, letters of invitation from three crowned heads, seven *German* princes, and an electoral bishop. I have been invited by a jesuit in disguise, to a private conference with his holiness, but I will neither kiss his toe, nor the backside of any man in Christendom.

I do assure your reverences that my last expedition into France was with an intention to shun the civilities of my friends, who I found were determined to cram me to death. I had an eye to that, when I invented the beautiful allegory of
 repre-

representing death as a bum-bailiff.—
 I do not repent of my expedition.—
 The *French* are a nation in which a man
 of my temper may pick up something
 curious every day,——and every hour
 of the day. Witness my journey from
Calais to the gates of *Avignon*. There
 never was such a piece of painting exhib-
 ited to public view. Travellers of every
 denomination, excepting *Gulliver* and
 two or three more, crucify their rea-
 ders with grave and sententious narra-
 tions of things very little to the purpose.
 I enliven the scene, and with the most
 sprightly humor, display the humors of
 the people. By that I have gained uni-
 versal monarchy.—I have done the state
 some service,——but say no more of
 that.

C H A P. XLIII.

A Chopping boy, upon my word, quoth Dr. *Slop*. I have not brought such a one into the world since I knew how to handle a pair of forceps. It is as like our old friend Mr. *Marvel* as it can stare. His very eyes, his mouth, his chin. It is no more like its father than it is like me. For shame, reply'd my mother and Mrs. *Wadman*, how can you raise such a scandalous story?—It is true. I have long suspected the intrigue, and now I have proof positive of it. What would you have more? I love the father, continued Dr. *Slop*, as I love my life, and it is pity he should be used so ill. I will tell him of it myself out of love and affection, and the world shall know it too. Vice should be hunted
down

down wherever it is met, and then virtue would put on a chearful countenance.

My dear Dr. *Slop*, answered the widow, your heart is very good, but your head is the worst of any man's in *England*. What can be so preposterous as for you to ruin the peace of mind of a family, for which you express so much esteem, and upon a proof so extremely uncertain. Consider the nature of your profession; you are sworn to secrecy in the strictest sense, and we hope you have so much goodness as to think that honor is only another word for virtue. I will not reason about words, reply'd Dr. *Slop*. I have seen the boy, and he has every feature of our friend's face. I have practised to very little purpose, if I cannot at this time of day tell any child's father.

My

My mother being past child-bearing, was very moderate with the doctor, but Mrs. *Wadman* treated him with a good deal of severity. “I tell you, Sir, this behaviour of your’s will inflame your enemies, and cool your friends.”——“I have no friends unless they are friends to virtue, answered the doctor, pulling up his breeches ;”——you are a fool, replied the widow. “Madam, I scorn your words ;” so crossing himself three times, he took his leave.

My father and Mr. *Martin* laughed. Mrs. *Wadman* blushed, and looked at my mother. My mother looked at my uncle, and my uncle looked at himself in the glass.——One sentiment electrified the whole groupe.

C H A P. XLIV.

THE widow, by her attention to my uncle, had, in a few days, struck a strong snap hook into his upper jaw, so that he was utterly at her mercy. His native innocence, and gentleness of manners, operated so powerfully with her, that she could not for her soul treat him with that kind of tyranny, which she at first intended.—This instance of benevolence to the vanquished, reflects more honor upon the widow, than any thing she had said or done, for these twelve years past.—I took her at first for a coquette. I beg pardon for the ungenerous sentiment. — No woman can be perfect in that character without some flaw, either in her head or heart.

It is generally in the former, tho' sometimes in both.

I desire this chapter may be consulted as a mirror by all the unmarried ladies in the kingdom.—I am sure no shop can supply them with a better.

C H A P. XLV.

IT was sometime before my uncle *Toby* could visit at the widow's, without an apparent confusion in his countenance. But that went off in a few weeks, and his modesty became no longer troublesome to him.—Mrs. *Wadman* was remarkably fond of cards, but my uncle in the former part of his life had contracted a dislike to all the polite games, excepting all fours. This amusing game he undertook to teach her, but in a few days she under-

understood the play better than himself.

—She had an admirable method of turning up jack, and whenever he had a ten, or a knave in his hand, she was sure to have it.

The widow, in return, engaged to teach my uncle quadrille, and by the assistance of my father and mother, they had an agreeable party every evening. It tickled the widow every now and then, when she had it in her power to make a beast of my uncle. It was some time before he could be reconciled to that Gothick mode of expression,—but that word, like a great many others, loses its barbarity from custom; and then it slides over the tongue, without ever consulting the imagination.

When Dr. *Querpo*, or Mr. *Martin*, or
any

any other friend chanced to step in, then they had a party at loo, and in that agreeable manner, the hours flew away like minutes.

C H A P. XLVI.

MY uncle *Toby* was now over head and ears in love.—One day as *Trim* was brushing his hat, the old corporal observed that the dry ditch at Rochfort was not much deeper than my uncle's hat crown. “Your remark, replied my uncle, is very judicious, and in my conscience I believe that if each man had thrown his ammunition loaf into it, it might have been filled up.” But *Trim*, I have now bid farewell to all military amusements, and I propose making you a present of some military stores for which I shall have no further use. They will
amuse

amuse you. At the same time I give you leave to instruct some sharp lad in gunnery and fortification. The lad perhaps may come to be a general. Teach him his business early, and he will never forget it. But be sure to let him know the difference between a dry and a wet ditch.—I shall soon be married, and then you know, I shall have other things to think of. As I said before, I give you the following stores.

One barrel of gunpowder.

One musket barrel mounted, by way of *Amufette*.

109 leaden balls for ditto.

One thick iron pot of eight inches, used by way of mortar.

30 leaden bombs for ditto.

Two spades.

2 shovels.

1 wheel-

1 wheel-barrow.

2 pick-axes.

A correct plan of *Rockfort*, refus'd by the ministry.

A book of plans of all the fortified towns in *Flanders*.

Vauban's Fortification, in vellum.

Marshal *Saxe's* Reveries, in vellum.

Marshal *Mordaunt's* Reveries, in calf.

Marshal *Blythe's* Reveries, in calf.

These, my dear *Trim*, I frankly give thee as a reward for your honest services. As long as I live you shall be welcome to my house. Henceforward I shall not look upon you as a servant. "I cannot leave you, I must serve you." Then you shall. I appoint you my house-steward, and, when alone, my companion.—Poor *Trim* could just heave out, "God bless your honor."

C H A P.

C H A P. XLVII.

THE corporal could not for his soul comprehend any plan of happiness equal to what he used to enjoy with my uncle in mining and countermining in the orchard.—The erecting of batteries,—the firing of cannon,—the springing of mines,—and the throwing of bombs, were pleasures far superior in his mind, to the lying in bed with the finest lady in the kingdom. He often wished that my uncle had never seen Mrs. *Wadman*, and in the same minute was angry with himself for thinking so. I have lived, says he to himself, with captain *Shandy*, these many years, and never once had a thought to his disadvantage. I have watched him many a time in action, that I might assist in bringing him

off in case of a wound. At this day there does not live a braver man. As he has taken it into his head to blow his match at the widow, pray God he may be happy. She is a good sort of a woman, and may make him as happy as any other.—I have a great mind to marry myself, but then—I am almost worn down to the stumps. Seven hard campaigns in *Flanders* will wear down the strongest constitution.—However, if Mrs. *Bridget* has no objection, I have none.

This your worships must understand as a soliloquy of *Trim's*, but being only the theory of courtship, I must beg leave to refer you to the next chapter for some part of the practice.

C H A P. XVIII.

*T*RIM went immediately down into Mrs. *Wadman's* kitchen, where he found Mrs. *Bridget* alone—and employed in mixing a bread pudding for her mistress's supper. His heart was, at that instant, much warmer than he had ever observed it, since his courtship with *Moll Rogers*, at the camp before *Bruges* in 1708.—His passion overflowed; so ceremony was laid aside.—“Mrs. *Bridget*, my master is going to be married, and I shall lose him. If you will marry me, I will marry you.”——“Mr. *Trim*, if you are in earnest, I will marry you.” Done, quoth *Trim*; done, quoth *Bridget*. A hearty hug,——a kiss,——and a squeeze by the hand, was both the beginning and end of their courtship.

Trim promised to go to church with her the same day my uncle married the widow.——They kissed once more, and all was agreed on.

C H A P. XLIX.

SOLOMON somewhere says, that he could never understand the way of a ship in the sea, a bird in the air, or a man and a maid.——Now I beg that your worships and reverences will not take this last difficulty in its literal sense.——*Solomon* only meant to say, that with all his wisdom he could not explain the doctrine of generation.

Two marriages being likely to take place in our family, made me very curious about the matter. I consulted Dr. *Querpo*, and Dr. *Macnamara* separately,
from

[161]

from whom I learnt, that the present race of physicians are forty times more intelligent than *Solomon*.——But before I make your worships wiser than the wisest man that ever lived, I must beg leave to observe——that there are some operations in nature, which man with all his perspicuity can never be able to demonstrate; and yet it does not appear that Providence has placed a barrier against our inquiry.

Narrow souls start and cross themselves when they see elevated genius attempt to fly from earth to heaven. Mean concentrated souls! We have a nobler field. The proofs of God are to be found in his works, and he that refuses to find him there, is an infidel.——Your worship will observe, that I do not deny but that he may be found somewhere else.

—This last reflection, I expect, will keep me out of the inquisition.

I will hold your reverence no longer in suspense, but proceed to explain to you the exact manner of our formation, as I had it from my two learned friends, who assure me that the whole is truly orthodox.

C H A P. L.

THE antients supposed a prolific semen, both in the male and female, out of which, when mixed together, the embryo is made, as out of unformed matter, resembling the male or female parent, in proportion as the semen of the one or the other is predominant.

After

After some ages, another opinion was broached by the great *Hervey*, whose theory was instantly adopted by many learned *Crocus's*.——He thought that all the parts of the embryo did exist in the ova of the female, and that the semen masculinum did not create, but only animate these parts, by a certain vivifying principle.

This *Hypothesis* put the antient doctrine out of countenance, as it appeared a much more rational account of the matter.

In a few years Mr. *Harvey's* opinion was obliged to give place to another—invented by one Mr. *Lewenhoek*. This gentleman, by the assistance of a microscope, discovered a number of animal-

cules in *femine masculino*.—These he found infinite in number, resembling tadpoles, with round heads and long tails. According to him, every one of these animalcules is a male or female child in embryo; and though millions of them are darted into the uterus at once, yet only one can be fortunate.

He confirms his opinion by telling us, that there are two round bodies situated near the uterus of all females, called ovaria, in each of which may be discovered about twelve or fourteen ova. Every one of these ova has a small hole in its side, into which the animalcule creeps.

The ovarium communicates with the uterus by means of a small tube, one end of which is fringed, resembling fingers,
and

and is called by the gentlemen of *Warwick-Lane*, *Morsus Diaboli*; it hangs loose over the ovarium. Now when once the sexes have obtained the *summa voluptas*, millions of the animalcules above-mentioned are shot, point blank into the uterus.—Instinct teaches them the nearest way up the small tube to the ovarium, so away they go, crossing and jostling, kicking and biting, till one of them has the good fortune to arrive at the small hole in the side of the ovum, into which it enters, and leaves its tail sticking in the passage.—After this manner, kings—and cobblers—are made.

I see no reason why kings should dismiss the fool and keep the laureate. Their cares require mirth, but their vanity needs no addition.—Give *Tristram* the

the sack, and he will whisper every morning into the royal ear. "O king, thou wert a tadpole."——I have the vanity to think that this short sentence contains more good sense than all the birth day odes put together, since the conquest.

I beg your grace's pardon for this digression, but as I have no friends at court, I am obliged to say something to recommend myself.

C H A P. LI.

THE little animal being now in possession of the ovum, the morsus diaboli clasps the ovarium, and squeezes the ovum with its now inhabitant down towards the uterus.—The ovum becomes the nidus to the embryo, and grows fast

to

to the side of the uterus, from whence it draws its nourishment,—as plants do from their mother-earth.

At the expiration of nine months, this subterranean inhabitant is ushered into light, by the hands of Dr. *Slop*, as son and heir to some great man.

CHAP. LII.

I Wonder at the unphilosophical part of the decalogue, where I am ordered to honour my mother. Your worship sees that I am no more a part of her, than I am of my nurse.—The one has kept me nine months under lock and key, and the other has fed me much longer with milk and liberty.

Pray what induced my nurse to take

I

fo

so much care of me? You answer, profit.—I ask what induced my mother to take so much care of me? You answer, pleasure.—These two words preserve the species.

C H A P. LIII.

I Thank you, quoth my father, for this ingenious account of our creation. It brings things done in darkness to light, the true end of all rational philosophy. I am sorry that *Solomon* knew so little about the matter.—I do not know that, replied Mr. *Martin*. This evening I propose to read him over in the original, and make no doubt but that I shall be able to find him acquainted with the animalcules long before Mr. *Lewenboek*. The *Hebrew* language is admirably adapted for discoveries of this kind. The marine

rine chair, and all the different methods recommended for the discovery of the longitude are plainly hinted at in the books of *Moses*. I have carefully compared the original with the *Syriac*, *Chaldee*, and *Septuagint* versions, and can clearly prove from them, that *America* was known to the antients long before *Columbus* was born. The use of gunpowder, and the mariners compass with most of the modern discoveries, are obscurely mentioned in the *Pentateuch*.

—————I grant you, continued Mr. *Martin*, that it requires a thorough knowledge of the *Hebrew* tongue, to be able to give the antients that merit which the moderns have so unjustly robbed them of. It is an error to suppose that the scriptures do not always speak philosophically true in natural things. Bad translators have made sad work with divinity.

vinity. For example, *Joshua* is said to have commanded the sun and moon to stand still. He uses the words *SHeMeSH* and *YaRa^cH*. By these words you must understand the rays of light coming from the sun and moon, and not the luminaries themselves.—When the scriptures mean to express the bodies of the sun and moon, they use the words *‘HaMaH* and *LiBNaH*. Now I beg leave to observe that *Joshua* only presumed to command the rays of light to continue illuminated, until he had destroyed the enemies of *Israel*. Sir *Isaac Newton* has not only dissected these rays, but has given us an exact calculation of the time they take in coming down. The miracle was only local; by which means the course of nature was not in the least interrupted.

Tristram is much obliged to Mr. *Martin*
for

for this ingenious discourse, but as he does not understand the *Hebrew* language, he proposes to save himself and family by the present *English* translation of the Bible.

C H A P. LIV.

MY father is a man who seldom fails to make some judicious reflections upon every thing he hears or sees. I was therefore anxious to know what he thought concerning the doctrine of generation.

I make two reflections, says the old gentleman, upon my son's theory. The first is, that once in our lives we have run a race against some thousands of our equals, and obtained a victory. The second is, that the devil lays his clutches
upon

upon us the moment of our conception.
 ——The one may raise our vanity, but
 the other should mortify our pride.

C H A P. LV.

IN the last chapter my father has made
 a discovery of more importance to
 mankind than the longitude; it is no
 less than the discovery of original sin.
 ——What the learned have been
 hunting after for these thousand years
 past, my father has discovered in a mo-
 ment.——I do not expect that he will
 get so much by it as Mrs. *Stevens*, by
 her soap remedy, and yet his merit is
 greatly superior.——To allow seventy
 millions of honest Christians to sleep
 quietly in their beds, must be more me-
 ritorious than preventing a few of them
 from * * * * * their breeches.

The instant I have finished this volume, I shall set out for the lake of *Geneva*.—My friend *Voltaire* and I will lick the discovery into some form.—It will make an excellent subject for the *Dictionnaire Philosophique*.

C H A P. LVI.

MY uncle *Toby*, for some time, had preserved a profound silence with regard to fortification.—Mr. *Martin's* unfortunate reflection upon gun-powder, stirred up the unextinguished embers of his favourite passion, and convinced him that nature was not to be put by.

I never knew a man of an elevated genius but who had one passion which swallowed up all the rest. It is as much his birth-right, as his fingers and toes; and

if he has not too much of it, it will do him no harm. It is as nearly related to madness, as small beer is to ale, and differs only in degree.——My passion leads me to astronomy.——*Galileo* knew nothing about the matter. I have got more money and reputation by the discovery of four stars, than all the astronomers put together, since the days of *Ptolemy*.

I write this chapter in vindication of my uncle's passion,——my mother's passion,——Mrs. *Wadman's* passion,——my own passion,——and the passion of every sensible man in the creation.

C H A P. LVII.

THE walls of *Jericho*, quoth my uncle, were certainly blown up by gun-powder.—It is absurd to suppose that they were thrown down by the sound of trumpets. They were at least thirty feet thick, and take my word for it, *Trim*, the mining work must have gone on very slowly. I think, replied *Trim*, that there must have been some error in the translation. I verily believe so, answered my uncle, and the *Hebrew* word ought to have been rendered gun-powder, and not trumpet.

Whatever Mr. *Martin*'s opinion may have been, I think he should not have told it to such a man as my uncle, who has for these forty years past followed

the sound of the bell, like a pack-horse; but now, the Lord knows where he will ramble to.——He talks of getting a smattering of *Hebrew* from *Moses Mordecai* the *Jew*, and then we shall have one discovery upon the back of another, to the confusion of the whole parish.—I am not sure but he will attempt a new version of the Old Testament.—When once he takes a thing into his head, there is no stopping him. *Trim* is his counterpart, and, I know, will study hard to qualify himself for amanuensis.

In this present year, a quaker has produced a new translation of the Old Testament from the original, and I am told a *Jew Rabbi* has another upon the stocks, so between them, they will play the devil with the Prophecies.—Confound
all

all these translators, annotators, and commentators. They will light up a flame, that the whole bench will not be able to **** out in seven years.—One would think they intend to settle the latitude and longitude of heaven. I am for a coasting voyage.—Strike me dead if ever I go out of the sight of land.

C H A P. LVIII.

JUST as I expected,—my uncle and *Trim* sat down in form before the Old Testament; and as they seldom went to bed before one in the morning, they generally succeeded in blowing up some part of it.

Mr. *Shandy* had not advanced far in his attacks, before he discovered that the inhabitants of *Canaan* were extremely

ignorant of fortification. He thought it very strange, that people, who had so much milk and honey to lose, should have taken so little pains to secure it.— To set him right, Mr. *Martin* presented him with a plan of *Jericho*, which, he assured him, was taken upon the spot by *Palti*, one of the spies of *Joshua*.—— This plan obviated my uncle's objection.

Mr. *Martin* durst not attack Mr. *Shandy's* understanding, so he very sensibly planted his artillery against his simplicity.

C H A P. LIX.

TH E walls of *Jericho* continued to stick in my uncle's stomach.—Mr. *Martin* strenuously maintained that they were thrown down by the sound of rams horns. That Mr. *Shandy* absolutely denied.—He insisted that the vibration of air could never produce such an effect.—God can do any thing, replied Mr. *Martin*.—My uncle shook his head.

It was unlucky that the present dispute turned upon the subject of fortification. My uncle would have allowed a miracle in any thing else; but in military affairs, nothing less than demonstration would do for him.

By mutual consent, the corporal was

I 4 ordered

ordered to read the chapter, but he began it so like a mutter-roll, that Mr. *Martin* hastily took the book from him and read it himself,——in a *Cadence* not much more harmonious.

“Priestcraft, by the head of *Lowendahl!*” exclaimed my uncle; “the walls were undermined and blown up by gunpowder.” Do you think, Sir, replied Mr. *Martin*, that Mrs. *Wadman* will take an infidel into her arms?—This question instantly humbled my uncle.——He declared that he was ready to burn the Bible, if it would give Mr. *Martin* any satisfaction; but our orthodox divine was already sufficiently satisfied with Mr. *Shandy*’s submission.

C H A P. LX.

EVERY man thinks that he knows himself. Every man is mistaken.

—Though Mr. *Martin* will not allow Dr. *Querpo* to explain the operations of nature, yet he constantly presumes to fatigue the whole family, with his metaphysical and abstruse notions of angels and spirits. He can prove from mathematical principles, that God did exist from all eternity, and that the world did not. None of our family have ever denied the position, but his metaphysical reasoning is thrown away upon us.—He has besides, a most ingenious method of proving the resurrection of the body from natural principles, by comparing it to a grain of wheat, which
must

must rot, before it can be quickened.
 ——I deny the fact. The grain never rots.—The body does; and there ends the parallel.

C H A P. LXI.

IT is now high time to say something about the widow and my uncle, or any body else; for I assure your reverences, that I am heartily tired of these confounded ovums and ovariums, and the walls of *Jericho*. I dare not therefore ask the doctor after my innumerable brothers and sisters, who died the moment I fixed my head in the ovum, lest I should draw upon myself the proofs of his most ingenious system. Neither shall I say one word to Mr. *Martin* about his angels and spirits, lest he should

should get upon the back of the angel *Gabriel*, and ride all over the invisible creation.

C H A P. LXII.

I Formerly observed that the soul of man was incapable of supporting two favourite passions at the same time. The widow knew the truth of the axiom.—Like a true woman, she was resolved not to lose an inch of my uncle's love, so she began to rally him very genteely upon his new studies.—Mr. *Shandy* finding himself not able to sustain the attack, very sensibly gave up the point; and with this instance of his prudence, I shall conclude his casuistical character.

C H A P.

C H A P. LXIII.

I N the next chapter your reverences will discover my uncle feeding of pigeons, instead of demolishing the walls of *Jericho*.—I make no apology for the transiſion. *Triftram* will leap over a double ditch, or a five bar-gate, whenever he thinks proper. He obliges nobody to follow him, and as to his neck, he truſts in God that it will be always at his own diſpoſal.

The unities of action, time, and place, are the fetters of genius. *Aristotle* was a fool when he made them.—By this light they were never forged upon *Parnassus*.

C H A P. LXIV.

MRS. *Wadman* was remarkably fond of pigeons, and my uncle being fond of the widow, he became insensibly captivated with the same amusement. He used to play with the young brood, kiss them, and give them food.—In a word, he was transformed from a rough veteran, into a mere monkey. *Hercules* himself was made to spin, and yet I do not think that his mistress was half so handsome as the widow.

Mr. *Jeacock*, a neighbouring gentleman, possessed of an estate of seven hundred pounds a year, supplied Mrs. *Wadman's* columbary.—Your worships new acquaintance is about sixty, and has never been married. He is happy in
a good

a good natural understanding, but, like a great many country-gentlemen, makes but a very indifferent use of it.—Early in life he contracted a taste for the study of virtù. In a few years he got together a large collection of coins, medals, Roman urns, busts, vases, intaglios, cameos, and such trumpery; and all that time he was never known to have given a dinner to his friends, or six-pence to the poor.—Considering his expences, he could not afford it.

After some time he became tired of this expensive amusement, being convinced that many things were put into his hands as original pieces of virtù, which were either of the *Paduan*, or *Birmingham* manufacture. In consequence of which he altered his plan, and resolved to make a collection of such things as
either

either were, or had been alive. He had emissaries in every quarter of the globe, who were commissioned to send him all sorts of birds, either alive or preserved in the feathers.—Fishes of every kind.—Insects.—Beasts, wild or tame,—alive or stuffed. He sent a servant of his own into *Barbary*, to buy or steal a *Barbary* horse. The poor fellow went in the *English* ambassador's retinue to *Algiers*, but being betrayed by a *Spanish* renegado, whom he had engaged to carry the horse to the opposite shore, he was severely bastinadoed upon the feet; and, to avoid a worse punishment, he changed his religion, and embraced Mahometism.—He was immediately circumcised, and dressed in the garb of the country.—Being no longer under the protection of the ambassador, he was hired by a *Barbary* prince as an under-groom, and

sent five hundred miles up into the country.

At present Mr. *Jeacock's* ruling passion seems to be the breeding of pigeons. —Mrs. *Wadman*, as I told your worships before, was obliged to this curious gentleman, not only for her stock, but also for her knowlege, and she very good-naturedly has promised to teach my simple uncle all that she knows.

The following is a letter from Mr. *Jeacock* to Mrs. *Wadman*, in answer to some queries she had sent him the week before.

“MADAM,

“ I find you have an ambition to be improved in the fancy. For your amusement, I have sent you by the bearer,

One

- One pair of powters.
- One ditto of horsemen.
- One ditto of *Leghorn* runts.
- One ditto of *Spanish* runts.
- One ditto of *Jacobines*.
- One ditto of barbs.
- One ditto of turbits.
- One ditto of owls.
- One ditto of broad tail'd shakers.
- One ditto of capuchins.
- One ditto of nuns.
- One ditto of spots.
- One ditto of trumpeters.
- One ditto of laughers.
- One ditto of helmets.
- One ditto of finikins.
- One ditto of turners.
- One ditto of Mahomets.
- One ditto of cartiers.
- One ditto of almond tumblers.
- One ditto of dragoons.

“ You desire, madam, to have some directions about the powter, for which you have expressed great fondness. The powter should be constantly attended and talked to, during the winter, in a phrase peculiar to the fancy, viz. hua, hua, stroaking them down the back, and clacking to them as to chickens, otherwise they will lose their familiarity, which is one of their greatest beauties, and is termed shewing. The powter was formerly esteemed by the gentlemen of the fancy as equal to the carrier, but of late, numbers who were staunch to the powter fancy, have relinquished that and become fond of the almond tumbler.

“ Having matched and paired your powters in the spring, you must be provided with at least two pair of dragoons to every pair of powters, for nurses or
fee-

feeders. When the powder has lay'd its egg, it must be shifted under a dragoon that has lay'd nearly at the same time, and that of the dragoon be placed under the powder, it being necessary the powder should have an egg or eggs to sit on, to prevent her laying again too soon, which would weaken her much.

“The pair of tumblers are excellent of their kind. I hope they will give you much satisfaction, as they tumble extremely well, and have the back spring in high perfection. How happy must the souls of these pigeons be, if *Pythagoras* be right? I am,

Madam, with the most perfect esteem,

your most obedient servant,

Caleb Jeacock.”

C H A P. LXV.

A Few days after writing this letter, your worship's friend Mr. *Jeacock*, received the melancholy news that a servant he had sent to *Constantinople*, to purchase a pair of Bazora carriers, had been apprehended as plotting against the state;—but in consideration of his comely appearance, he was only made an eunuch of, for the service of the *Se-raglio*.

C H A P. LXVI.

AFTER dinner, Mr. *Jeacock*'s collection of pigeons was produced to be examined.—My mother and Mrs. *Wadman* gave the preference to the powters and broad tailed shakers. My uncle and *Trim* preferred the horse-
man

man and dragoon. My father and Mr. *Martin* admired the owl and turner, and Dr. *Slop* was of opinion that the capuchin excelled them all.

Tristram does not mean this chapter as a satire upon mankind, but if your worship will have it so, he cannot help it.

C H A P. LXVII.

THE widow was not much displeased with Mr. *Jeacock's* letter.—No body but herself had sense enough to discover, that, with the pigeons, he had sent her a declaration of his passion.—But she was now honourably engaged to my uncle, and consequently could have no designs upon the squire. She had nothing to do but to have an answer ready in case he should ask her a serious

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question.

question.—Her apron-string could instruct her at a moment's warning, so she thought no more about it.

In such a situation a young girl would have sent back the pigeons, but Mrs. *Wadman* knew the world too well to be guilty of such an indiscretion. She therefore sent the servant back with a card of compliments and thanks, to his master.—The widow knew Mr. *Jea-cock's* foible for cockle-shells.—In her mind she detested such an inanimate character. Her former husband had given her a surfeit against all men of study.—They go to bed when they are asleep, and get up before they are awake.—My uncle, on the contrary, appeared to her as a man of no great reading, and therefore he gained upon her affection. The only foible he had was an extravagant

gant passion for gun-powder, but that being a manly amusement, she liked him the better for it.

C H A P. LXVIII.

IN a few days Mr. *Jeacock* waited upon the widow, dressed in a pair of neat boots and clean doe-skin breeches.—With a glance of her eye she discovered the nature of his visit; and to prevent all questions, let him very gently into the state of her engagement with my uncle. She thanked him for his pigeons, and assured him that she would pay all manner of attention to them.—This was death to Mr. *Jeacock*. To lose both his mistress and his pigeons was the devil.—The squire made some bold advances towards getting back the powters and almond tumblers, but the wi-

dow parry'd his thrusts very genteely.— She kept the pigeons every one, and obliged the squire to return home very much displeased with his visit. Oh rare widow !

C H A P. LXIX.

THIS being a dull Sunday evening, my uncle was entertaining the widow in a corner of the room with an account of the battle of *Malplaquet*, while my father and mother were set close by the fire, talking over some stories of no consequence to any body but themselves.

My dear Mr. *Shandy*, says my mother, laying her hand upon my father's right knee, how do you find yourself this evening ? I think I never saw you look better in my life. Pray is it on the first
or

or second Sunday of the month that I give widow *Boss* a shilling? It is on the first, replied my father, and by the same token, I must go and wind up the clock. Then go, jewel, and do not be long about it.——Crick, crick, cr, r, r, r, rick.——Pray sister, says my uncle *Toby*, were not my first regimentals faced with yellow? My dear jewel, let me unbuckle your stock, answered Mrs. *Shandy*.——Crick, rick, cr, r, r, r, rick.——Pray sister, were not my first regimentals faced with yellow? “Come lovey.”——Sure my sister is talking in her sleep. Sister, sister, were not my first regimentals faced with yellow? I know nothing about the matter, answered my mother peevishly.——This crick, crick, disturbed the widow’s fancy full as much as my mother’s, but my foolish uncle knew nothing about the

the matter, and it was not yet time to let him into the secret.

In a few minutes my father returned, and my good mother led him gently by the hand up into the yellow room.— The subject of their conversation your worships will find in the next chapter.

CH A P. LXX.

* * * * *

CH A P.

C H A P. LXXI.

HITHERTO your worships and reverences have had an agreeable journey with your friend *Tristram*.—

He has done every thing in his power to make you both merry and wise. You want nothing but a little affliction to make you compleatly happy ; and that you will find in the next chapter.

C H A P. LXXII.

POOOR *Trim*, who but a few days ago was as chearful as the morning, was suddenly attacked with a disease, which physicians call a cholera morbus. In a few days he was reduced to the last extremity, in spite of all that Dr. *Querpo*, and two more of the faculty could do. He bore his distemper like a hero.—

Poor *Bridget* was afflicted beyond description. My uncle, my father, my mother, and the whole family of servants, offered up their most fervent prayers for his recovery.—But the dye was cast.

Under his affliction a calm serenity gilded his honest countenance, and a mind conscious of no guilt, displayed itself in every feature. Though his voice faltered, his directions were manly and distinct. His prayers were fervent, and his soul seemed to labour more for the friends he was going to leave, than for himself.—My uncle begged to know where he would be buried,—“ Throw me upon a field.”—The birds of the air will devour you.—“ Then lay a firelock by me.”—“ My dear Sir, you will have no power to use it.”—“ Then they cannot hurt me.”

Observing the king of terrors stalking towards him, he earnestly begged for my uncle's hand. He kissed it tenderly, and fixing his eyes upon him, expired without a groan.—He is gone.—

C H A P. LXXIII.

THE good old vicar of the parish wrote the following homely epitaph, which my uncle has ordered to be engraved upon a block of marble, and placed near his grave.

Here

Here lyes

The body of corporal *Trim*.
His virtues are recorded in the
Immortal works of
Tristram Shandy.

His vices, if he had any,
lye buried with him.
Mr. *Toby Shandy* dedicates
this monument to his
Memory.

1730.

C H A P. LXXIV.

HAVING lost the corporal, I have
lost my right-hand man, so I am
obliged to club my fire-lock, and march
home.—I hope your worships and reve-
rences will not be able with all your sa-
gacity, to discover any thing personal in
this volume. Both men and things are
ima-

imaginary.—I have endeavoured to dress false taste, and false philosophy, in party-coloured habits, for the amusement of the wise, and to them, and them only, this work is dedicated. I neither fear critics, nor the critical examiners of critics.—No body knows me, and I know no body. I have laughed at the world through eight volumes, and now I have treated them with a little sense, I expect, in return, that they will laugh at me.—I compare this volume to a handful of sand, out of which your worships may pick some grains of gold to the value of half a crown, so that you get six-pence by me.—If after that you complain of your benefactor, I shall expose you next year for ingratitude.

F I N I S.

E R R A T A.

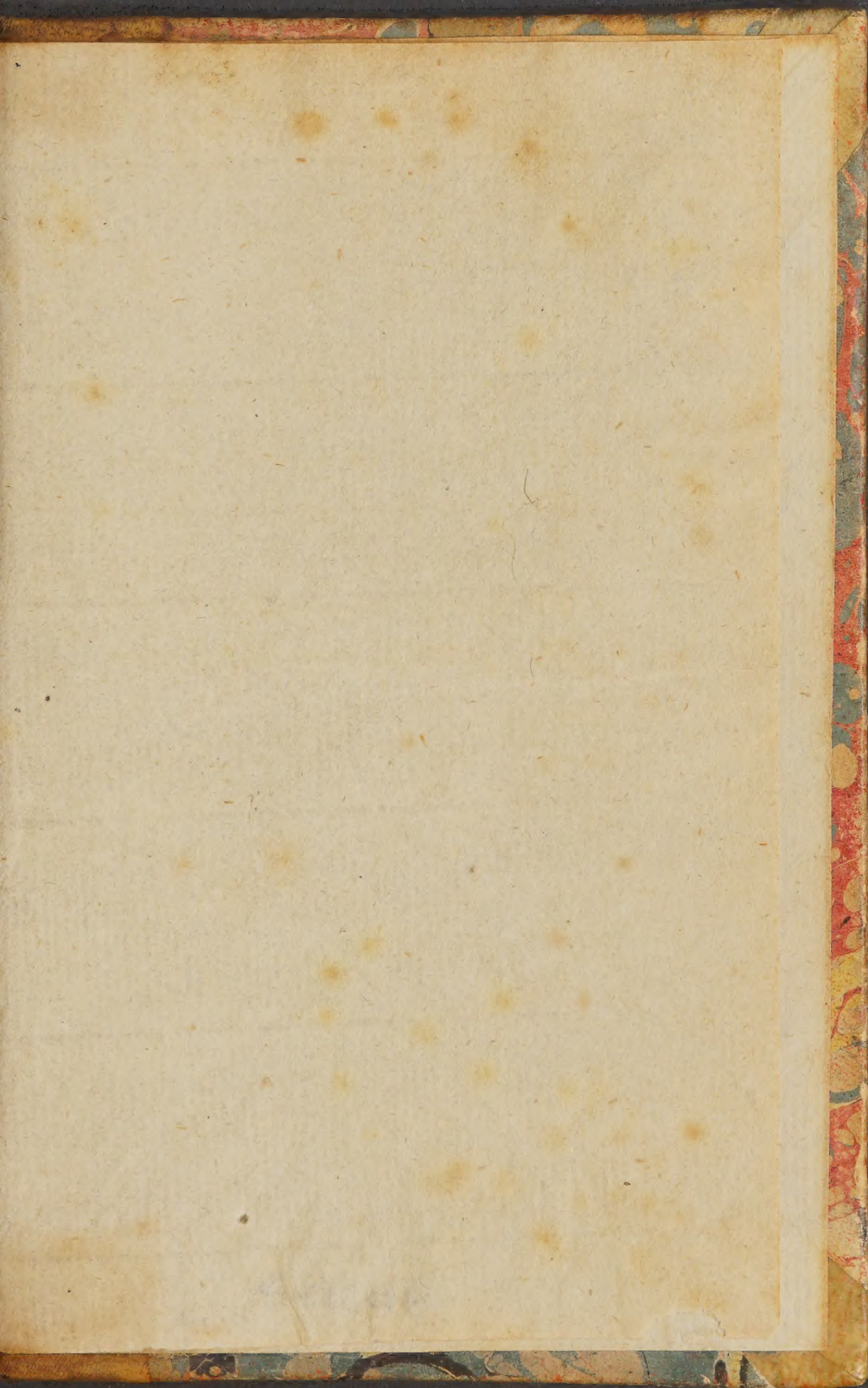
Dr. Querpo. ——— Dr. C——

Mr. Martin. ——— Dr. W——

Dr. Macnamara. ——— Dr. R——

Mr. Bump. ——— Mr. O——

Mr. Jeacock. ——— Mr. P——



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C. 1

E R R A T A

Mr. George ——— Dr. C. ———

Mr. John ——— Dr. T. ———

Mr. Thomas ——— Dr. J. ———

Mr. Robert ——— Dr. W. ———

Mr. James ——— Mr. P. ———

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